

# THE WEEKLY KENTUCKY TRIBUNE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Literature, Internal Improvement and General Information.

VOL. XVII—NO. 16.

DANVILLE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 847

## Professional Cards.

### A SURGICAL CARD.

A CURE warranted, or no charge, in the following affections, without the use of knife or ligature:  
Fistula in Anus, Hemorrhoids or Piles, Protrusion of Rectum, Stricture of Urethra, etc.  
Time required for a cure—5 to 20 days.  
Also, Scrophulous and secondary forms of Syphilis, treated with Mercury.  
Office, first door below Central Bank.  
J. B. WHITE, M. D.

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**ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.**  
Having permanently located in Danville, would respectfully tender his services to the citizens of Boyle and adjoining counties. Office—The same as formerly occupied by Dr. W. B. White.  
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## The Kentucky Tribune

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EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY  
J. B. WHITE, M. D.

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At the end of the year, 2.00  
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For each additional month, 1.50  
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Notices of elections, published free.

Notices of public meetings, published free.

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## Select Poetry.

We May Be Happy Yet.

Though darkness now is all around,  
And threatening seems the sky,  
Let not the shadows crush thy soul.  
The clouds may all pass by;  
Our sun in brightness set,  
And in life's calm declining days,  
"We may be happy yet!"

We may be happy yet, my love,  
The sorrow that we know  
May be the last that we shall taste,  
Of bitterness and woe;  
Our future may with joy be bright,  
While o'er our path shall shine,  
A halcyon life, a peaceful day,  
Thrown from the hand of fate.

The storm can never last, for aye,  
The darkness cannot last, for aye,  
The sorrow can never last, for aye,  
The darkness cannot last, for aye,  
The sorrow can never last, for aye,  
The darkness cannot last, for aye,  
The sorrow can never last, for aye,  
The darkness cannot last, for aye,

Comes, wreaths again thy face with smiles,  
And let thy bright eyes shine,  
And with loved words, spoken from the heart,  
Breathes gladness into mine.  
Our life has not yet passed away,  
Our sun has not yet set,  
Undying love lives in each heart,  
"We may be happy yet!"

Young Lady for Sale.

Here's a young lady for sale; who's willing to buy?  
The price which is asked you may deem to be high,  
But when you reflect it is a bargain for life,  
You will not think it much for a beautiful wife.

Big high, my lady, it would be a sin and a shame,  
To induce a girl to marry, as she is named,  
"Less the value received, as price of the marriage  
Is able to purchase a silver-tipped carriage."

Oh! think you, my lady, with magic and art,  
To gain or to wheedle a young maiden's heart?  
We have read of such charms—but, away with a sigh,  
If you wish to get married, my laddie, bid high.

I learn very little where you gather your gold,  
For that is your secret, and need not be told;  
The sale is public, and the money once paid,  
Whether worked for or stolen, has purchased the maid.

Then my loving young ladies, for woe or for woe,  
For your stout hands labor, or your light fingers stoop,  
Quick! gather the money, 'tis the wonderful art,  
That can win and retain any young maiden's heart.

Evening.  
The birds are all asleep,  
The stars are all asleep,  
The moon is all asleep,  
The stars are all asleep,  
The moon is all asleep,  
The stars are all asleep,  
The moon is all asleep,  
The stars are all asleep,

With sweet notes overflow,  
The workman's labor day,  
Dawn thoughts of home begin—  
His yearnings at the door,  
The waiting eyes within.

Gently, through evening's blush,  
The gathering shadows glow,  
And widest thoughts grow hush  
In this divine repose.  
Pure floats the summer air;  
Night, with benighted hair,  
Sheds a queen, at home,  
Life's day, how sweet and bright,  
Thus could it melt away—  
Pass beyond the realm of night,  
And find immortal day!

An Original Story.

THE

TEACHER TAUGHT.

BY VIOLET WOODS.

CHAPTER III.

Months had passed since the incident recorded in the last chapter. It was a calm October morning. A slight mist hung tremulously low, over the woods and village, but was dispelled every few moments as the clouds passed by, and the beams of the sun broke through the opening. "The melancholy days" were fast approaching; withered leaves rustled to the ground, and they "crustled to the rabbit's feet," as it to the foot-steps of the scholars who still frequented the winding path. Without, the school-house was changed. Vines no longer ornamented roof and door and windows, nor was the spot shaded as before. Within, the scene was a little altered. Every familiar form, but one, occupied its accustomed place. All eyes were heavy, as with recent weeping, and the master too looked melancholy. What could the grief be? A few days before, lovely, gentle Grace Merton had been laid low, beneath the sods of the valley. She faded silently away, the breath left her body as do the perfume and varied hues the modest flower, and all "wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief."

With slow, quiet steps, each pupil traversed the room as if fearful of awakening one, who slept far away, upon a cold couch, upon which the trees cast their leaves, as if they too would add their tokens of sorrow. She had contracted a cold; a cough raked her slight frame; the hectic flush dwelt upon her cheek; a dazzling brightness rested in her eyes, and then the "silver cord was loosed,"

which bound her to the earth; the golden bowl was broken," in which so many bright hopes and joyous anticipations were held, and her soulless form was consigned to earth—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Ells Roland was there. A sorrowful look tempered the cold glitter of his eye, but the features wore the happy expression of old.

Ells Seaman was there too, but ever and anon, a tear would roll slowly down her cheek, and fall upon the book she was vainly attempting to study.

Bella was leaning forward, her head bent upon her arm in all the abandonment of grief. Every few moments, Ralph would turn his eye toward her, with a look of such tender sympathy, that it made her heart ache.

It was drawing near the hour of interment, when a boy appeared at the door asking for Miss Northman. She heard nothing that was going on around her. Mr. Stanwood spoke to her twice, but she heeded not. Etie drew near the girl, and said in low voice, "Bella, some one wishes to speak with you."

Thus aroused, she placed her bonnet on her head in order to hide her tear-stained face, and mechanically walked to the door. She received a note from the hand of the lad, who immediately withdrew. She hastily read it and reproaching the desk of the teacher, said, "Mr. Stanwood, mother has sent for me to come home immediately; will you grant permission?"

"Certainly, Bella," he replied, in an undertone; "but do cheer up—you grieve me beyond expression."

A gush of light visited her tearful eyes and reflected on his heart a rainbow beam of hope. The look of gratitude she returned for the interest he expressed, was far more dear to him than all of the stereotyped phrases ever invented.

Not making her appearance at the dinner table, Ralph could scarcely repress the inquiry which rose to his lips. She did not return to school in the afternoon, and he impatiently awaited its dismissal to learn the cause. When he reached home she was absent—no one knew where. He sat alone in his chamber, after tea, looking into the far blue sky, watching the fleecy clouds as they

derided where Bella could be. The first intuition he had of her arrival, was upon hearing a sweet, low voice singing in trembling accents, to the piano accompaniment, these touching lines—  
"The blue-eyed star, the soft dreamy air,  
Divide thy fair spirit and mine,  
Yet I look in my heart, and a something is there."

That links it in feeling to mine:  
The glow of the sunset, the voice of the breeze,  
As I breathe 'neath the sea,  
Are dear to my heart, for moments like these  
Are sacred to memory and to love."

He passed down the stairs, and entered the parlor where the darkness of twilight was fast deepening. She knew not that he was in the apartment, until resting his hand upon hers he drew it from the instrument and said, "Bella, do not indulge in such sad thoughts as these strains awaken."

"Come, change your starting tear,  
Come into my arms, my dear."

He added, feeling a bright glow quiver on her lid; "and remember your bereavement only to think that she has gained immortal life."

"It is not for that, alone, I sorrow," she replied; "I have other cause for tears."

"What is it, Bella. Confide in me; will you not? But let us sit by the window, it is too dark—too dreary over here," and as he spoke he linked her arm within his own and led her to the sofa in the opposite side of the room.

"Now tell me why you grieve," he resumed, retaining her hand, captive, in his.

"I am going away in a few days, to be absent several months," she answered in a broken voice.

"Going away?" he exclaimed, and the thrill of exquisite torture which shot through his frame communicated itself to hers.

"Yes," she continued, "Mr. Clayton, the father of a very dear friend of mine, was here this morning, and for that reason mother sent to the school-room for me. Annie—his daughter—is to be married in three weeks and I have been appointed bride's maid. He will take no denial, and will therefore return here in a few days."

"How long will you be absent?" he asked.

"As she is to make a visit to the South, and I am to accompany her, I will be at home no more until Christmas."

"The light of many stars  
Showered in tremulous softness—  
Through the open casement, Ralph  
Saw before the woman he adored, and  
Told her of his love."

"Bella," he concluded, "if I could only tell you how dear you are to me, if I could only convince you, but that is impossible. If you love me, tell me, and let me no longer endure this agonizing suspense."

"I do love you, Ralph,"  
That was all she said, and he believed her for he knew her to be a woman of the shrine of truth."

She seated herself by his side, clasped him in her arms, and he felt her glowing cheeks.

"Aed, Bella, will you marry me?" he feeling assured of her love he had forgotten that there might be opposing barriers.

"I will."  
He placed his hand upon his heart as if to keep in the undying happiness those words bestowed.

"But your father!" he exclaimed—  
"What will be the thought of my impudence in aspiring to the hand of his only child?"

"He will think that if you possess the heart you deserve the hand," she replied in a low voice. "I thought you knew him, Ralph."

"I know the man, Bella, but not the father. He will not wish you to obscure a lot in life—the wife of a school-master."

"Your profession will make no difference with him, Ralph,"  
"But my poverty, Bella. Will that make a difference?"

"He was once poor himself," she replied.  
"Yet, Bella, I fear he will not consent."

"He has never opposed me in anything; he will not in this. You are worthy of me, and although his love is strong and deep, he is not so blinded as to think otherwise. We can trust to his affection for me and appreciation of you, for the fulfillment of our hopes."

Bella had gone. To Ralph, the days "dragged their slow lengths along," the little school-room had lost its charm, and a sad monotony had become monotony.

He sat upon him with such sweet words, that he missed the bright smile which had been sunshine around his path. He was lonely; the evening walks were no longer a source of enjoyment, but he wandered through the leafless woods.

"Like one forlorn,  
Oppressed with care, or crowned in hopeless love,  
Autumn had faded into winter; earth was clothed in her snowy attire and still the loved one tarried."

CHAPTER IV.  
Christmas had come and with it Bella returned. Smiles and sunshine again visited the house, and the keys of the long silent piano gave out their sweetest music to the fairy touch of their mistress' hand. Ralph was absent—spending his short vacation with his friends at home, and he impatiently awaited his return. The few days passed swiftly, and on the first evening of the new year, he and Bella sat alone in the parlor. A cheerful fire burned in the grate; the crimson curtains were drawn together, and truly the scene was one of comfort. They had been sitting there, half an hour, when Ralph drew a small box from his pocket and took from it an elegant diamond ring, which he placed upon Bella's hand, saying,

"Bella accept this little token, and let it be an emblem of our affection—ever bright as the gems which compose it, and as the circle never ending."

"Thank you, Ralph," she replied, "but you should not have been so extravagant in procuring a gift for me. Such a gift is not suitable for the hand of a poor school-teacher."

"I am going away in a few days, to be absent several months," she answered in a broken voice.

"Going away?" he exclaimed, and the thrill of exquisite torture which shot through his frame communicated itself to hers.

"Yes," she continued, "Mr. Clayton, the father of a very dear friend of mine, was here this morning, and for that reason mother sent to the school-room for me. Annie—his daughter—is to be married in three weeks and I have been appointed bride's maid. He will take no denial, and will therefore return here in a few days."

My truth may flatter but I cannot boast when you so little appreciate your attainments. Your knowledge and colloquial abilities are far superior to those of many ladies, who are considered ornaments to the literary circles in which they move. Were I a second Socrates, and you, ignorant of letters or even of the existence of an alphabet, if I could love you I would still say that you were a suitable companion. It is our love that makes us equal, not our information."

Her eyes were suffused with tears as she felt the depth of his attachment; and her spirit sent a prayer to Heaven that it might always endure.

It was then arranged that they should be united as soon as Ralph's session at the law should be closed.

A few days later Ralph found himself alone with Mr. Northman. He told him plainly of his attachment to his daughter, of her affection for him, and ended by asking his approval of their marriage. In conclusion, he said,

"Mr. Northman, I have feared your contempt when I should make known to you my wish that you would bestow upon me such a priceless gift as the hand of your only child. I possess the heart and this knowledge emboldens me to brave all and bear all. I am a stranger to you, but my actions since I have been an inmate of your house are a just standard by which you may judge my past conduct. I can procure a desirable character while at home and abroad."

"Young man," he replied, rising and grasping Ralph's hand, "you have shown yourself a true gentleman, and you have won my esteem long since. I have observed the growth of your mutual love, and had I been averse to its reaching this point, I should have expressed my disapproval. As it is, you possess my warm, heartfelt consent."











